



A NEW SONG CALL'D THE

EMIGRANTS FAREWELL TO DONEGALL

Good people all on you I call give ear to those lines you soon shall hear

Gaus'd me to weep deprive'd of sleep for parting my relations dear
My hardships here I count in vain there's nothing here but slavery,
I will take my lot & leave this spot & try the land of liberty

Farewell dear Erin fare thee well that once was call'd the Isle of
Sinn

For here no longer I can dwell I'm going to cross the stormy sea
For to live here I can't injure the 's nothing here but slavery
My heart's oppress'd I can find no rest I will try the land of liberty

My father holds 5 acres of land it was not enough to support us all,
Which banishes me from my native land to old Ireland dear I bid
farewell,

My hardships here I can't injure since here no longer I can stay
I take my lot & leave this spot & try the land of liberty

My love you know that trade is few provisions they're exceeding
high

We see the poor from door to door craving their wants We can't
supply

To hear their moans their sighs & groans with children naked, cold
and bare,

Craving relief renews my grief as we have nothing for them spare

So now my dear you need not fear the dangers of the raging sea

If your mind is bent I am content so now prepare & come away

She says my dear if you'll agree to marry me I'll quick prepare.

We'll join our hands in wedlock's bands & we will stay no longer
here

It was in the year of 46 I was forced to leave my native land,
To old Ireland I bid a long adieu and to my fond relations all
But now I'm in America no rents or taxes we pay at all
So now I bid a long farewell to my native and old Donegall